

The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, ETC.

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NUMBER 51.

THE WAYNESBORO' VILLAGE RECORD
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By W. BLAIR.

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LOCALS.—Business Locals Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, Seven Cents for subsequent insertions.

Professional Cards.

DR. M. L. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Quincey and vicinity. Office near the Burger Hotel. apr9-14

J. B. AMBERSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Office at the Waynesboro' "Corner Drug Store." [June 29-14]

DR. JOHN M. RIPPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the public. Office in his residence, on West Main street, Waynesboro'. april 24-14

ISAAC N. SNIVELY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WAYNESBORO' PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite the Bowden House. Nov 2-14

JOSEPH DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBORO', PA.
Practices in the several Courts of Franklin and adjacent Counties.
N. E. - Real Estate leased and sold, and Fire Insurance effected on reasonable terms. December 10, 1871.

DR. A. H. STRICKLER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at his residence, N. E. Cor. of the Public Square, Waynesboro', Pa. apr 9-14

REMOVAL!
DR. BENJ. FRANTZ has removed to the new three-story building, adjoining his dwelling on West end of Main street, where he can always be found, when not engaged on professional visits.
OFFICE HOURS:—Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 and 2 and 6 and 9 P. M. Special attention given to all forms of chronic disease. An experience of nearly thirty years enables him to give satisfaction. The most approved trusses applied and adjusted to suit the wants of those afflicted with hernia or rupture. apr 23-14

A. K. BRANISHOLTS,
RESIDENT DENTIST
ALSO AGENT
For the best and most popular Organs in Use
Organs always on exhibition and for sale at his office.
We being acquainted with Dr. Branisholts socially and professionally recommend him to all desiring the services of a Dentist.
DR. E. A. HERING, J. M. RIPPLE,
A. H. STRICKLER, I. N. SNIVELY,
A. S. BOXEBRAKE, T. D. FRENCH.
July 17-14

J. H. FORNEY & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
No. 77 NORTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Pay particular attention to the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, &c.
Liberal advances made on consignments. May 29-14

J. H. WELSH
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods,
No. 331 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
April 3-14

THE BOWDEN HOUSE
MAIN STREET,
WAYNESBORO', PENN'A.
THE subscriber having leased this well-known Hotel property, announces to the public that he has refurbished, re-painted and papered it, and is now amply prepared to accommodate the traveling public and others who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage. An attentive hostler will at all times be in attendance. May 23-14
SAML' P. STONER.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING.
THE subscriber would inform the public that he is at all times prepared to make order Gent's Course or Fine Boots, also coarse or fine work for Ladies or Misses, including the latest style of lasting Gaiters.—Repairing done at short notice, and measures taken in private families if desired. Shop on East Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by J. Elden, as a flour and feed store.
THOS. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

LUMBER.
30,000 Feet of different grades of Pine Board and Lumber for sale by FRICK & CO., S. E. & B. Works. July 15-14

Select Poetry.



THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

BY SADIE BRATTY.

How dark the shadows grow, darling,
All faintly comes my breath;
Ah, me! I soon shall feel and know
The mystery of death;
In vain you strive to hold me here,
To keep me ever night,
The wings of Azrael hover near,
And we must say good-bye.

But this is not the first, darling,
We've said good-bye before,
And tears of sorrow seemed to burst
Up from the heart's full core;
Yet still we hoped to meet again,
Renew each earthly tie,
Dear love, it is not as then,
This is the last good-bye.

It is a sacred word, darling,
All other words above,
And from our lips it never was heard,
Save by the ones we love;
Adieu will serve this world of show,
Forsooth their tears they dry,
'Tis only when the dear ones go
We care to say good-bye.

We're drifting far apart, darling,
And when we meet again,
'Twill be to join with tongue and heart
The angels' glad amen.
The star of peace beams from the shore,
Where I am drawing nigh,
Then, darling, kiss me just once more,
And take the last good-bye!

Miscellaneous Reading.

WILLIAM HAVERLEY.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P., "I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography."

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.
"How much do they cost?"
"One dollar, my lad."
"I did not know they were so much," he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have got only sixty cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not!
The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.
"And what now?" I asked.
"Try another place, sir."
"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"
"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him and each time he was refused.
"Will you try again?" I asked.
"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."
We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.
"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.
"Yes, sir, very much."
"Why do you want it so very, very much?"
"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."
"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.
"He is dead," said the boy, softly.—Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."
"Are you though?" asked the gentleman, raising eyebrows curiously.
"Yes, sir, if I live."
"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new ones?"
"It will do just as well then, and I will have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."
The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.
"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.
"Thank you, sir, you are so very kind."
"What is your name?"
"William Haverley, sir."
"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.
"More than I can ever get," he replied glancing at the books on the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.
Tears of joy came into his eyes.
"Can I buy what I want with it?"
"Yes, my lad, anything."
"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain.

Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and still the water was gaining upon them, they gave up in despair and prepared to take the boats, tho' they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps.
The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I looked at him if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply; and said rebukingly:
"Yes, sir; there is hope as long as one inch of the deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.
"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."
And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers, as they passed the gang-plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:
"Judge P., do you recognize me?"
I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him before until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"
"Very well, sir; William Haverley."
"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"
"And God bless noble Captain Haverley."

A Quaker's Temperance Lecture.
A few years ago several persons were crossing the Allegheny Mountains in a stage. Among them was a Quaker. As considerable time was on their hands, they naturally entered into conversation, which took the direction of temperance, and soon became quite animated. One of the company did not join with the rest. He was a large portly man, well dressed, and of gentlemanly bearing. There were sharp thrusts at the liquor business and those engaged in it. Indeed, the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed and handled without gloves. Meanwhile this gentleman stowed himself away in one corner and maintained a stoical silence. After enduring it as long as he could, with a pompous and magisterial manner he broke silence and said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor seller. I keep a public house, but I would have you know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people and do a respectable business. When he had delivered himself he seemed to feel as though he had put a quiescent on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so, thought our friend the Quaker, so he went for him. Said he: "Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would only sell to drunks and loafers, thee would hold kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the pure, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, and when their character and money are gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to other shops to be finished off; and thee ensures others and sends them on the same road to ruin." Surely the good Quaker had the best of the argument, for he had facts on his side.

In reference to Dr. Dio Lewis's threatened crusade against tobacco, after the whisky war is over, the *Sunbury American* says: "Now don't. What's the use of getting that notion into their heads? If they go to have to enlist for a longer time than during their life-time, for about every person who don't drink smokes; and those who don't do either have some other habit equally as bad. The fact is, this thing of reform is such a big undertaking and so general in its application, that about the only way to reach it is to appoint each one a committee of one, to take care of himself or herself, and see that they do not indulge to excess in anything, whether in eating, drinking, talking or dressing."

It takes 40 yds for a fashionable dress.

Death of Prince William.

Prince William, son of Henry I king of England, was a young man of great promise. His father loved him tenderly, and designed that he should be his successor to the throne of England. On a certain occasion King Henry took the young prince with him to France, and on their return a fair wind soon carried the ship in which the king was out of sight of land; but the Prince being detained by some accident, his sailors spent the interval in drinking, and becoming intoxicated they ran the ship upon a rock where she immediately foundered. The prince was put into the long boat and might have escaped, but hearing the cries of his sister, Maud, he got the sailors to row back in hopes of saving her; but so many were crowded into the boat that it sank, and the prince with all his followers perished. When this sad intelligence was communicated to the king, he fainted, and was never afterwards known to smile again.

In allusion to this touching incident the following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Hemans:

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.
The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on,
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived, for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break his chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one?
That one beneath the wave.
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasures-wreckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amid the knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain;
A voice of winds that would not sleep;
He never smiled again.

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other's years;
He never smiled again.

How to Escape the Trap.
I saw a good story lately that was headed, "How to escape the trap." It is a sort of fable. The story says that a company of rats once met in the cellar of a house, to consult together about their safety. A large steel trap had been set in that cellar. It was baited with a good piece of cheese, which smelled very nice, and which they wanted very much to get at. But they had seen a number of their friends killed and wounded by this trap. In this way they had learned that it was a dangerous thing to meddle with. And now they had met together to see if they could not find out some way of getting that nice cheese out of the trap without any injury to themselves. Many long speeches were made, and many plans suggested, but none of them seemed to answer. At last one of them got up and said:—

"I move that a committee of two of the strongest among us be appointed to attend to this business. And I think if one of the committee will put his paws upon the spring and keep it down, then the other can take away the cheese with safety."

This seemed to meet with great favor. They agreed that this was the best plan that had been suggested, and they uttered a loud squeal in favor of it.
But just then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor lame rat, with only three legs, came limping into the meeting. He stood up to speak, and said:—

"My friends, I have tried the plan that has just been proposed, and you see the result. I lost my leg by it; that is what it cost me. Now let me give you my advice. If you want to escape the danger of that trap, the best way is to let it alone. Don't touch it. Don't go near it."

And this is one of the ways in which Jesus, our guiding star, keeps us out of danger. Every sin is like a trap. We cannot go near it without danger. And the advice which Jesus gives us, when we are tempted to any kind of sin, is always the same. He says: Let it alone. Plee from it. The best way to escape the trap is not to go near it.—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

"OLD MAIDS."—A recent writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a young woman remarkably neat in her person? she will certainly be an old maid." Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? "she has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her nothing can save her from the appellation an "old maid." In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an "old maid."

If some one would only get up a sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners and repair family breaches what a sale it would have.

Muslim sells as low as 6 cents a yard.

Dewdrops of the Law of Kindness.

No man, boy, or girl is too poor, too old, or too young to do kind acts. Such acts need not be great and brave, as the world holds the deeds it crowns with praise. It is the heart that one puts in a kind act that God looks at, and which gives it all the worth it has in his sight.
Some few years since, the wife of a poor man who had long been dead, though poor and old, paid for kind acts done here in a way that will tell you of. She dwelt in a gap in the wild woods far from the town. Her one child, a girl of twelve years, lived with her, and she fed and clothed both with what she could earn by hard toil. She kept a large lot of hens, and their eggs she took to a town ten miles from her small hut in the woods.—She at first walked all the way, for she was too poor to ride on the railroad train that passed near her. But the man who had charge of it came to know her as she walked to and fro. He was a kind man, and thought he did no wrong to the man who owned the road when he gave her a ride to and from town free of charge. All the men on the train were kind to her, and loved to say a good word to her.

Well, the day came when this poor old dame could pay, in what was worth far more than gold, for all these kind words, thoughts and acts.

Once, in the rough month of March, when the deep snows felt the sun, and flowed down the high hills in deep and swift streams, and the winds blew, and the floods beat upon the bridge that crossed a deep, black chasm near her house, she heard a loud, long crash in the dead of the night. She rushed with her thick blocks of ice, had crushed it like the shell of an egg. The night was black and wild. The winds blew, and the rain fell fast.—

In one half hour the train which had borne her to town once a week, free of charge, would be due at the bridge. The life of the kind man in charge of it, and the lives of all on board, hung under God, on what she could do in that half hour.—She did not waste one breath of time on the thought that came swift to her mind.

She took the cords of her one bed, and took the dry posts and side-beams in her arms, and climbed up to the track of the railroad, a few rods from the steep walls of the bridge that was gone. Her young girl took both of their chairs, with a pan full of live coals. In quick time the dry wood was in a blaze, and made a light that could be seen a long way. But the fire would soon go out and they could not feed its flame with the wet, green wood in reach. The old dame took off her red gown, and put it at the end of a stick, and stuck it up on the track a few rods from the fire, and there she stood with a heart that quaked with fear.

She had done all she could. Would it save the train and all on board from a death so full of dread to think of? She will soon know. Hark! it comes at full speed. She hears it on the far side of a curve in the road. There! its great red eyes come in sight, and casts its light on the rails all the way to the red gown on the pole. Sharp it screams like a live thing on the edge of death. It quakes with dread. A cry and shout run down to end. The men at the brakes bend with all their strength to check the speed. The wheels grind so hard on the rails that they strike fire in the rain and dark.—They now turn round more slow. A rod from the blaze of the bed, posts and two chairs, the train comes to a stop.

On the black edge of that deep chasm, filled with the loud flood, piled high with blocks of ice, the train stops. Then all on board see what a death they have been saved from. First the kind man in charge comes to the front and looks down that chasm. Then he kneels by the still wheels so near its edge, and sends up his thanks through the rain to God for his grace.—The men with hard hands at the brakes come and kneel down by his side, and thank God with hearts too full for words. Then all these on board, who had slept up to the verge of that swift death, come and kneel in line, and in a long row they thank God that he has so saved them thro' the means of the poor old dame and her young girl.

So you see that, in this case, kind acts paid for all the thought, and for all else they cost. The man in charge of the train and the men at the brakes judged right when they felt that they did no wrong to those who owned the road when they gave her rides free of charge. Did they not get their pay for these kind acts? And does not this case prove that no one is so poor or so young that he or she may not do such acts in thought, look or deed?—For sometimes looks, words or thoughts are acts which take hold of the hearts of men and do them good.

HELL.—This is what Prof. Swing, who was lately tried for heresy by the Chicago Presbytery, thinks of hell: "The lost world is a place, not where God is seen as the cruel monster, but where the human free will stands forth in all its divine powers, and reveals a self-punishment over which we can almost imagine the Heavenly Father himself to shed tears. Such is the perdition of reason—a place not where the Saviour and God become an inquisition, but where the sinner's own will and own heart have woven themselves garments of perpetual sackcloth, and where the tears of sorrow fall not from a malicious decree of God, passed from eternity, but fall out of the sinner's own wretched soul and mispent life."

Says a wit: "Last year I saw a watch spring, a note run, a rope walk, a horse fly, and the big tree llaave. I even saw a plank walk, and a Third Avenue bank run; but the other day I saw a tree box, a cat fish, and a stone fence. I am now prepared to see the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope."

We all have Faults.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in his folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal-sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we would say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. No body is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have never-ertheless heard the bells jing. As there is no sunshine without shadows so all human good is mixed up more or less of evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and its quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's faults may show themselves, for hurs pop out of a ditch when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the knees may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad as a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

Anecdote of "Old Thad."
Pierre M. B. Young, now a representative in Congress from Mississippi, a confederate General and a graduate of West Point tells this story of Old Thad. Stevens. Young came to Washington soon after the war, seeking to have his disabilities removed. He accepted the results of the war in good faith. He went to Thad Stevens, who was chairman of the Election Committee, and Thad began to play with him, as he sometimes did with those whom he intended to make his victims.—He said: "You are a graduate of West Point, I believe?"
"Yes, sir."
"Educated at the expense of the United States, I believe, which you swore faithfully to defend?"
"Yes, sir."
"You went into the service for the infernal rebellion."
"Yes, sir."
"You were brigade commander in the raid into Pennsylvania, which destroyed the property of so many of my constituents?"
"Yes, sir."
"It was a squad of men under your direct charge, and under your personal command, that burned my rolling mill down?"
"Yes, sir."
"You thought he was gone, but seeing that the old fellow had come in possession of the last fact, which Young himself did not dream he knew, it was impossible to deny the truth of his questions.—Thad, roared out, "Well, I like your d—d impudence. I will see that your disabilities are removed. Good morning." And the next day the bill passed the House.

Love is life. Selfishness is death. Think of one who has no throb outside of himself; is he not entombed in a grave more dark than that of earth? The moment one begins to love, if only a dog, he begins to live. To love something that is different from one's self—a flower, a star, a human soul—what is it, what stir of all the faculties! Oh, the manifold life of love! How it flows and streams away on every side, in love of father and mother, sister and brother, husband and wife, and friend and little children, of the tiniest speck and grandest a.h. We rejoice in all things. Every sound is a delight. We are alive all over.

Life is full of thorns, cried one and another, but on they rush with the crowd, seeming to care but little what seed each word and action sows—whether thistles or lilies of the valley—in its broad paths. Yes, life is full of thorns, but those which are the sharpest and oftenest are the ones which our own hands have planted along the wayside of our pilgrimage—thorns we plant in carelessness, in selfishness, in pride and passion; and if in after years we come into shape and painful contact with them, let us not blame the world so much as ourselves.

There is something that touches the heart in the last moment of a dog that died in Lansingburg, N. Y., the other day, at the age of twenty-four years. The old fellow had hardly stirred from his rug for some days; he arose stiffly, crawled with difficulty up stairs, visited every room in the house, seemed to bid a farewell to all familiar objects, came back to his master's feet, and died without a struggle.

Stott county Minnesota, claims the most extensive Limburger cheese factory in the West. One hundred and twenty cows contribute to the formation of the article. The cheese is declared to be "ripe" when a piece the size of a bean will drive a dog out of a tanyard.

An English physician says that the first moral and physical duty of every human being is to be clean.

Wit and Humor.

Why is a thunder storm like an onion?
Because it is peal on peal.
"If you are courting a girl," says a California paper, "stick to her, no matter how big her father's feet are."

A pugilistic Irishman in England being bound over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked: "The saints help the first foreigner I meet."

A Georgia negro was buried so deep by the caving of a well that it took four hours to unearth him. When found he was alive and well. He said he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more dirt.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intermence anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofs of 'em drusk."

Uneasy lies the fair head of the hotel girl of Terre Haute, who has inherited \$40,000 in gold, for by all aspiring young men of those parts she is persistently serenaded.

A man in an adjoining county died recently who had taken his county paper twelve years without paying for it. Upon the day of his burial the kind-hearted, forgiving editor called to see him, and stuffed a linen duster and a pair of palm leaf fans into his coffin. He was preparing him for a warmer climate.

Johnny B., aged five, asked his father if he knew why the stars were made.—The father, thinking the lad had conceived some queer notion as to the use of the heavenly bodies, said:
"No, do you."
"Yes, it never rains when the stars shine, so they must have been made to plug up the rain-holes."

One evening lately, a lecturer on spiritualism observed a lady in deep mourning leaving the hall. He addressed her from the platform, and asked her to wait a few moments, as the spirit of her husband wished to communicate with her. "I know it," she replied, for he is now at the door waiting to escort me home." The lecturer adjourned early, and left town the next day.

They tell a queer story about the doctors in a certain Texas town, who were all last summer to attend a medical convention. They were absent about two months, and on their return found all their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed, the nurses opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearses had been painted and sold for a circus wagon.

An Irishwoman, at a loss for a word, went into a chemist's, and looking much puzzled, said she had come for medicine, the name had slipped her memory "intrinsically," but sounded like "Paddy in the garret." The druggist, being anxious for a sale, tried to think what it could be, and hit upon paregoric. "Indade, thin, that's it," said she, and obtaining the medicine, went away delighted that she had come so near the right word.

COULDN'T BLUFF HER.—Among the waiting passengers at the Central depot Saturday, says the *Detroit Free Press*, were a widow woman and five children, and by and by a man who was waiting for the same train opened a conversation with the widow and soon remarked he'd like to marry such a little woman. "Here, Susan hold this satchel!" said the woman, turning to her oldest daughter, and then reaching for the man's arm she continued: "I've been looking for you about five years?" Everybody shouted and jumped in glee, and when the scapogant backed flat down they said he ought to be dumped into the river.

A young mother was in the habit of airing the baby's clothes at the window; her husband didn't like it, and believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window in full view from the central park, of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flapping occasionally, unconsciously in the breeze, and asked sarcastically: "My dear, what is that displayed in our window?"

"Why," she replied, "that is the flag of our union."
Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag by a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, and said, as they walked homeward: "And long may it wave."

A young lady in a neighboring town, one day last week, went into a dry goods store and thus unburdened herself:
"It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of circulating burnished steel appliances that sparkling like particles of gold leaf with Caps May diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities which innately delicacy forbids me to mention."
The vender of calicos was nonplused, but not wishing to appear ignorant, said that he was "just out."

After her departure he ruminated in silence for a few moments, when a new light broke upon his distracted brain and he bust forth with:
"By thunder! I'll bet that woman wanted a pair of garters."

Liniment labels are said to circulate freely among the Indians of the Northwest, who take them for greenbacks.